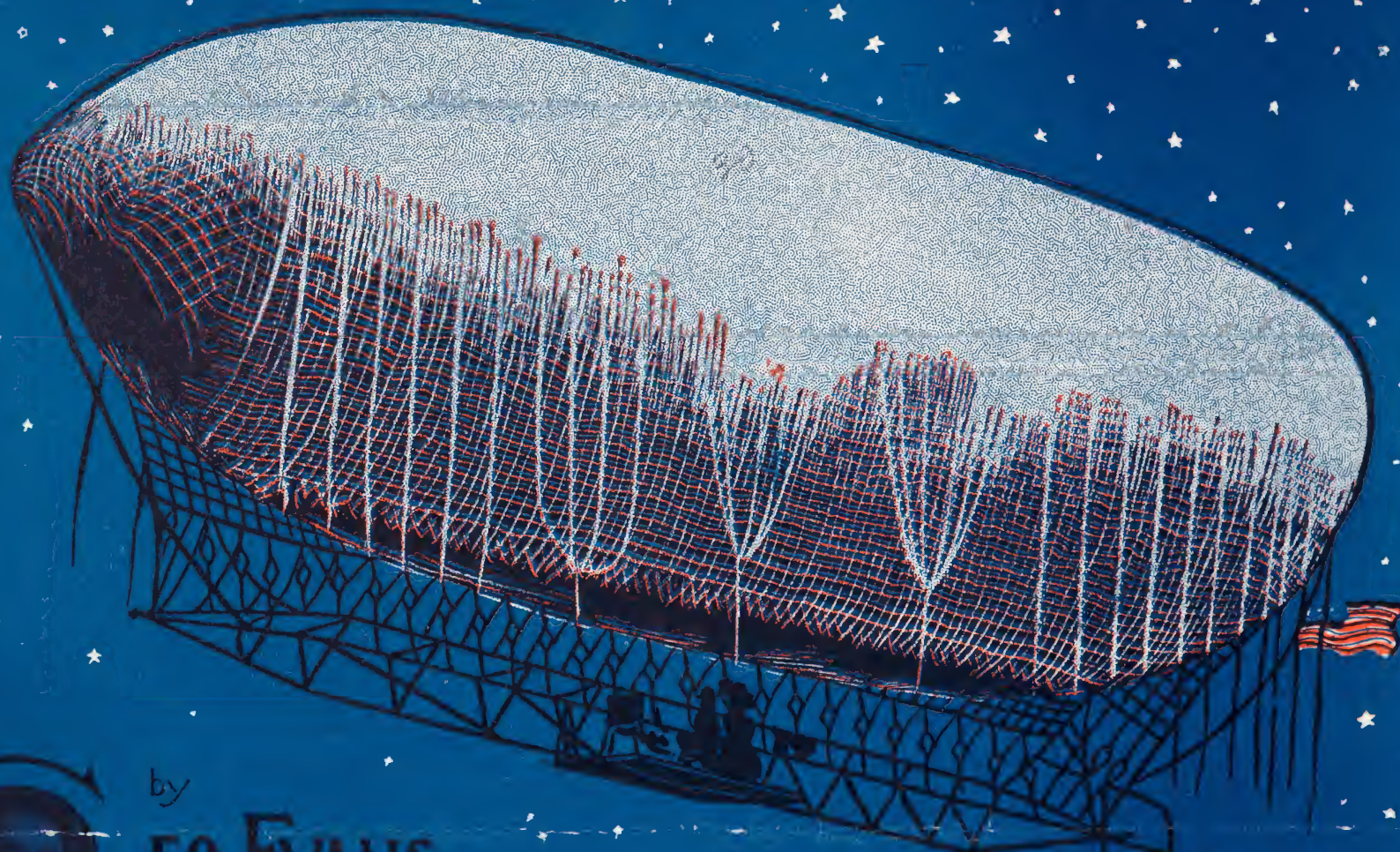


# COME TAKE A TRIP IN MY AIR SHIP -



by  
**GEO. EVANS**  
AND  
**JOHN SHIELDS**  
Composers of -  
"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME"  
"YOU'RE THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS IN TENNESSEE"  
"KEEP AWAY FROM ROME" ETC.

INTRODUCED & SUNG BY



5

ETHEL ROBINSON.





Try this over on your Piano.

## Fairy Moon

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Moderato.

*mf* *poco rall.* *p*

*p*

Is my lov - er false or true, or on - ly fool - ing me,  
Can't you see I'm lone - ly now, where can my sweet - heart be,  
Tell me - my Fair - y Moon. Is he com - ing out to - night to  
Tell me - my Fair - y Moon. Does he love an - oth - er girl in -  
meet his lit - tle girl, Come to spoon? I will  
stead of lit - tle me, Fair - y Moon? There's a

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# "Come, take a trip in my Air-ship." <sup>3</sup>

WORDS BY  
REN SHIELDS.

MUSIC BY  
GEORGE EVANS.

Tempo di Valse.

1. I love a sail - or, the sail - or loves me, And sails ev - 'ry  
2. One night, while sail - ing a - way from the crowds, We passed through the

night to my home. \_\_\_\_\_ He's not a sail - or that  
milk - y white way, \_\_\_\_\_ Just i - dly sail - ing and

sails o'er the sea, Or ov - er the wild brin - y foam; \_\_\_\_\_ For  
watch - ing the clouds, He asked me if I'd name the day. \_\_\_\_\_ And

he owns an air-ship and sails up on high, He's just like a  
right near the dip-per I gave him my heart, The sun shines on

bird on the wing, \_\_\_\_\_ And when the shad-ows of  
our hon - ey - moon, \_\_\_\_\_ We swore from each oth - er we

eve-ning draw nigh, He'll sail to my win-dow and sing: \_\_\_\_\_  
nev - er would part, And teach all the ba-bies this tune: \_\_\_\_\_

## CHORUS.

Come, take a trip in my air - ship, Come, take a sail 'mong the

Come, take a trip.



stars, ——— Come, have a ride a-round Ve - nus, Come, have a

spin' a - round Mars. ——— No one to watch while we're kiss - ing,

No one to see while we spoon. ——— Come, take a trip in my air -

ship, And we'll vis - it the man in the moon. ——— moon. ———

1. 2.

Come, take a trip.



# Popular Favorites By The Most Popular Composers.

Don't Blame Me For Lovin' You.

REFRAIN.

Don't blame me for lov-in' you, dear, Don't blame me for huggin' you, dear, When you're 'round my heart's a-pal-pi-ta-tin' ve-ry queer, My hon-ey,

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

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Will The Roses Bloom In Heaven?

CHORUS.

Will the ro-ses bloom in Heav-en, Are there an-y gard-ens there? An-y vi-o-lets and clov-er, Way up with the An-gels

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

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I Never Knew Till Now.

REFRAIN.

I nev-er knew 'till now how much I loved you, I nev-er knew I cared till you had gone; I nev-er knew till now that life without you, Would

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

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When The Golden Leaves Are Falling.

REFRAIN.

When the gold-en leaves are fall-ing, And the fields have turned to brown, And the gen-tle breeze of Sum-mer Chang-es to its win-t'ry gown.

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

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Mississippi Splash.

Words by DAVE GREEN.

REFRAIN.

Glance at me,..... my ba-by, Dance with me,..... my hon-ey, Bounce me down the hall just like a rub-ber ball, Come and catch me quickly, dear, be-

Music by JEROME SHAY.

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I Miss You Honey, Miss You All The Time.

REFRAIN. *Con poco moto.*

Oh, how I miss you, Hon-ey, miss you, Could I on-ly kiss you, kiss you, If I could but hold you in my arms a-gain;.... For, oh, my

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

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Old Friends, Old Loves Will Greet Me Once Again.

CHORUS. *Waltz Lento.*

Old friends and old loves live in my heart for-ev-er, Not e'en old Time from mem-o-ry dear can sev-er; Ah, God! grant me,

By CARO ROMA.

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Home Run Bill.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN.

CHORUS.

For it was Home Run Bill, Gee, but he could slam the leath-er, Home Run Bill, Lift it up just like a feath-er, Knocked a fly thro' the sky,

Music by JEROME SHAY.

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My Palace Of Dreams.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

REFRAIN. *Andante moderate.*

My pal-ace of dreams, There's nothing as fair... My pal-ace of dreams, I want you to share, There joy ev-er dwells and

Music by JOHN T. HALL.

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The Tanguay Rag.

CHORUS.

Oh, you've got to go cra-zy when you're doing this dai-sy, This Tan-guay Rag,..... You must lose all your senses when the mu-sic com-mences For this

By BLANCHE MERRILL.

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Answered.

Words by CHARLES E. SUMMERS.

I knew the message which you've told in part, And read the se-cret writ-ten in your heart; Thro' all the years, thro' all your wand'rings drear, The love you

Music by ALFRED G. ROBYN.

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